

The Fortune Hunter

by Ruby Ayres

Continued from Yesterday.

The Fortune Hunter rose and came to stand beside the post. "It's raining harder than ever. I think the best thing we can do is to cross the river and ask him to give us shelter." He glanced up. "The rain is coming through the leaves now."

He began to untie the mooring rope, but Anne cried out in protest: "I will not go over there! I would rather get wet. I have a fever, and I will not go into his house."

"If we stay here we shall be drenched to the skin—look at the rain now." The river was a mass of bubbling raindrops dashing up and down like mischievous sprites. He threw the rope into the punt and followed it, pushing off from the bank determinedly.

"I will not go to Fernie's house," Anne said again excitedly. "John—please, I beg of you!" But he was already pushing out into mid-stream strongly; the rain was pouring down now. And after a moment his thin shirt and bare arms were running with water.

Anne glanced at him and said no more, but she kept her eyes fixed apprehensively ahead to where the smoke from the crooked chimney of Lone End Cottage curled up into the grey sky.

"I am sorry to disobey you," the Fortune Hunter said after a moment. "But it's madness to stay under those trees; you'll take your death of cold."

She laughed. "If I did, you would be free of them."

The Fortune Hunter made no answer; he, too, was looking towards the cottage. He was conscious of a queer sort of eagerness to meet Fernie again; he was curious to see what sort of a home the man had, and what greeting he would give them.

As they neared the opposite bank they saw that Fernie was standing at the open door, his slouched hat pulled down over his eyes as usual, smoking placidly.

He watched them without moving, until the punt entered the water, then he knocked the ashes from his pipe and sauntered leisurely down to the bank.

"A sudden shower," he said; he made a clumsy sort of attempt to raise his hat to Anne. "You're welcome to come in, Miss Harding, and shelter."

"There's really no need," she answered hurriedly. "We're so wet now that we might as well go straight home."

"You're welcome, and I've got a fire in the kitchen," was his only answer.

The Fortune Hunter was already on the bank, and he held out his hand to help Anne ashore. Her

THE GUMPS—The Rehearsal.

IN IS COMING HOME—THE OLD SWEETHEART DAYS OVER AGAIN—

SHE HAD BEEN AWAY TWO WEEKS AND OLD ANN NEVER SPENT ANY MORE TIME ARRANGING HIS WARDROBE EVEN IN HIS COURTING DAYS—

IT TOOK JUST 2 WEEKS TO FIND OUT THAT HE'D MARRIED THE SWEETEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD AND IT TOOK HIM JUST 2 WEEKS TO FIND OUT THAT SHE DIDN'T MAKE SUCH A BAD DEAL EITHER—

I GUESS I'LL WEAR THIS SHIRT WITH THE LITTLE BLUE STRIPES—MIN ALWAYS LIKED THAT— AND I'LL WEAR THAT KNITTED BLUE SCARF SHE GAVE ME FOR CHRISTMAS— AND MY BLUE SERGE SUIT AND MY TAN SHOES AND MY NEW PEARL GRAY HAT AND WHITE GLOVES—



A Full Page of "The Gumps," in Four Colors, in the Comic Section of The Sunday Herald.

Army, Navy and Marine Orders.

Infantry.

The following to the Sixth Infantry: Captains Thomas C. Beck, Harold Montague, Leonard A. Smith, Donovan P. Yencil, Edward C. Allworth; Lieutenants Russell J. Nelson, Donald C. Burnett, Walter B. Cochran, Herbert J. Riess, Leo C. Paquet.

The following to the Eleventh Infantry: Captains William A. Rawles, Jr.; Frederick W. Adams, Marcel A. Gillis, Walter F. Mullins, Eldridge A. Green, James A. Mendenhall, Sidney A. Landis, Frank M. Smith, Thomas R. Miller, William F. Donoghue; Lieutenants, Richard L. Trippe, Harold F. Greene, Robert Mack Shaw, Frank M. Coraesus, Harold W. Gould.

Capt. W. Stuart Zimmerman, to Tenth Field Artillery, Camp Lewis, Wash.

Lieut. Stanley M. Prouty, to University of Delaware.

Capt. Frank U. McCoskie, to Tenth Infantry Brigade.

Lieut. Charles M. Williams, to Air Service, Carlstrom Field, Fla.

Lieut. Col. Samuel W. Noyes, to University of Washington, Seattle.

Capt. Hiram G. Fry, as aide-de-camp to Maj. Gen. George W. Read, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

Medical Corps.

Capt. Elmer S. Tenney, to University of California, Berkeley.

Maj. William C. H. Prosser, to University of Pennsylvania.

Lieut. John D. Schaeffer, to Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco.

Field Artillery.

Capt. Clyde C. Alexander, to University of Illinois.

I DON'T THINK SHE'LL NEED TO BE ASHAMED OF ME— I WON'T BE THE WORST LOOKING GUY STANDING AROUND THAT STATION— I'LL LOOM UP IN THAT BUNCH LIKE A LILY IN A DESERT— SHE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE PICKING ME OUT—



COME ON TRAIN— PUFF IN— THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE IS DOLED UP AND READY AND WAITING—



MRS. H. B. WILSON NAMES AT-HOMES

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Sept. 27.—Mrs. Wilson, wife of Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, superintendent of the Naval Academy, has completed her calendar for social entertaining during the fall and winter season.

She announced today that she will be at home formally on the first and third Wednesday in October, and in subsequent months the interim, however, Admiral and Mrs. Wilson will be hosts at dinner parties and other functions of an informal nature.

College of Law Has Heavy Registration

Opening day at Washington College of Law Monday gave indications of the largest enrollment in the history of the college. Last night a reception was held for the new class. Dancing, music, refreshments and talks were a part of the program. Judge Mary O'Toole, Prof. Edwin A. Moore, Dr. Charles A. Wankam, Prof. George Kearney, Prof. Edwin C. Dutton and Dean Emma A. Gillett were the speakers.

A new scholarship in honor of Belva A. Lockwood, pioneer woman lawyer of the District, is now available.

Morning Judge! Court Echoes by Rudolph Perkins



BLAMES MOON CHANGES FOR BAD DISPOSITION

Leonard G. Copeland, a colored roundhouse fireman employed by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, blames the changes in the moon for his periodical outbreaks and resulting threats against the life of his wife, Mary Copeland.

Mary told Judge McMahon in Police Court yesterday that it was just ordinary meanness on the part of her husband when he became unmanageable.

Judge McMahon was of the opinion that it was more likely to be "moonshine" whisky at the bottom of the troubles of the couple. With the three conflicting opinions before him Judge McMahon settled the affair for the time being by passing the solution of the problem onto the al'ists at the Washington Asylum Hospital and remanded Copeland for a mental observation.

Copeland said that he had "paralietia" of the brain and every time the moon changed he became a little "off" and did not know what he was doing. His wife insisted that he became mean to her at stated intervals, especially around pay day, and very often threatened her life.

The accused admitted that he drank occasionally, but denied being drunk when the alleged threat was made. The court reasoned that pay day and whisky are sometimes very much related and hinted that the latter was the cause of the trouble. But Copeland continued to blame the moon, and the court gave him the benefit of the doubt and ordered a mental examination.

DUCK COMMUNIST LEADER IN POND

(Special Cable to The Washington Herald and Chicago Tribune.)

CARDIFF, Sept. 27.—Former soldiers and communists came to blows in Chepstow last night, the former soldiers duking Mr. Durant, a local communist leader, in a pond.

The soldiers led a mob of 100 men, women and children who captured the communist and hustled him to the pond amid cheers from the villagers.

(Copyright, 1921.)

An ornithological colonel in the British army during the late war trained his men in anti-aircraft duties by making them take observations on the flight of birds. From abundant data thus obtained, it appears that the speed of birds has been much exaggerated. None of them can approach the speed of the swiftest aeroplanes.

The Boys' Daily Herald

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1921.

A Judge Brown Story Talk By Judge Willis Brown

A Boy Who Is Thrashed

Dear Judge Brown: When I do wrong or do not mind or do something which displeases my father he usually gives me a good thrashing with a strap. Lately I have been thinking it is not right for him to do this, for I am 16 and going to High School. My father is very strict and I am not an angel, but then, I am no worse than the ordinary boy of 16. What do you think about it?

A BOY WHO IS THRASHED.

Of course what I write to "The Boy Who is Thrashed" will be read by the father.

If I should meet the father and inform him that his son was untruthful and made public statements which were untrue, I know that father would deny that his son would do such a contemptible thing.

Therefore, I believe the boy's statement.

I find that the fathers who use force with their sons are usually the quick tempered ones.

The kind, mild and even tempered father usually REASONS. There are two methods of correcting a son, or of securing his willingness to act as the father desires, which actions are not always measured by a moral code of right or wrong.

One is reason, wherein the father is so firm in his conviction that he is wiser than his growing son, and keener of wit and judgment, that he uses his mental power to instruct, to demand and to correct.

Other fathers who do not play the reasoning game, depend on authority and force.

This is the less troublesome method.

For a father to whip a small boy, there is fear engendered, sometimes a dislike for father who causes pain. Sometimes the correction is accomplished because of the fear of pain rather than of wrong.

But for a father to whip a boy of 16, there is loss of respect engendered, and the 16-year-old feels a humiliation.

There is a desire on the part of the boy of 16 to "hit back" and this desire does not grow respect for the father.

I could say to the "Boy Who is Thrashed" that he should not do those things which displease his parents.

But having been a boy of 16 once upon a time and perhaps being no nearer perfect than the ordinary 16 year old boy, I cannot expect the "Boy Who is Thrashed" to be perfect.

District Boys Prepare for Sport Season

Washington school boys are preparing for one of their biggest sport seasons in years. Every kind of sport will be taken up, according to announcements from the Washington playground department.

The sport that will attract the most attention will be soccer. The sport is gaining greater headway among the school boys at the present time in Washington than any other game. Every school is represented by from one to three teams who play among themselves and then play teams from other schools.

At all the local playgrounds equipment for the game and instructors are furnished free to all children. The game is taught and teams are also organized at the playgrounds. Here extensive grounds can be used, and scrub teams are always playing each other when not in school during the season.

A schedule is arranged by the women or men in charge of the playground for the schools who will have teams for championship play. The games are played after school, and they do not interfere with studies. That is one of the reasons that the game is so popular. School plays school until so many teams are eliminated through defeat. Then a semi-final series is arranged.

At every game local schools that play are represented by large groups of students who come to root for their teams. The good part of the game is that it is not only liked by boys, but also by girls who turn out in large numbers for the games.

The winner of the series is the playground and section champion, and it will play for the city championship.

At first, schools who have won their section and playground championships are played. The games are attended by hundreds of students, and the winner is assured of a big welcome both from the students and from the school officials. A cup is presented to the winning team.

When the season is drawing to a close a city championship series is arranged with the two best teams participating.

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Woodward & Lothrop

Open 9:15 A. M. New York—WASHINGTON—Paris Close 6 P. M.



You Will Like the New Fall House Dresses

They are attractively made and of such smart dependable materials that many of the styles will do service all day around the home. Just now, assortments offer a particularly varied selection of dresses that will keep you as smart-looking for morning duties as for the afternoon.

At \$2 to \$4— At \$4.50 to \$7.50—

Dresses of gingham, percale and chambray. In prettily plaided, checked, striped and plain colors. Straightline styles with adjustable belts; also waist models. Some with sashes, others with waistsbands. Many are attractively finished with collar and cuffs of white or a contrasting color, narrow bias folds and small pearl buttons. Green, blue, pink, black and white offer a good variety of color combinations from which to choose.

Bungalow Aprons, \$1 to \$4

SIZES 36 TO 44

Offering the greatest variety of desirable styles in percales, figured and striped; trimmed in bands of a contrasting color; gingham in pretty plaids, checks or plain colors; chambrays and plain, heavy white lawns.

V, square and round neck models, simply piped with plain fabrics, or with dainty collars of white pique or lawn. Slip-overs and aprons that fasten at the side or back, with sashes or adjustable belts.

House Dress Section, Third Floor.

Special Offer in Writing Paper

Linen-finish White Writing Paper and two packages of envelopes to match, 50c complete.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Folding Lunch Boxes with handle, 40c.
Leather Book Straps, 15c to 50c.
Pencil Boxes, 25c to \$1.50.
Colored Crayons, 7c, 10c and 15c per doz.
Pencil Sharpeners, \$1.25 to \$2.50.
Pocket Pencil Sharpener, 15c.
Rulers, brass edge, 10c.

Eversharp Pencils, red and blue sharp with extra leads and eraser, 50c.

Eversharp Pencils, silver sharp with short, with ring or clip, 31c.

School Bags, cravenette, leather, cloth, corduroy and canvas, 50c to \$2.50.

Waterman Fountain Pens, \$2.50 to \$2.75, with ring or clip.

All styles of Pencils, penholders, inks, Note Books, Looseleaf Books, Tablets, etc.

Stationery Section, First Floor.

Introducing Another Favored Style in Autumn Street Oxfords

—which continues the vogue for combining two leathers and colors most effectively in this distinctive model (illustrated). Of gray suede with wing tip lace stay and quarter of black calfskin with the low heels demanded by the mode. And Goodyear welt soles.

\$10 pair

The same model in camel suede and tan calfskin, \$10 pair.

Women's Shoe Section, Third Floor.

Envelope Chemise, \$1

Are Splendid Values

These are made of fine quality nainsook, with the camisole tops or built-up shoulder; tailored styles are simply hemstitched, others are a trifle more elaborate, with lace and insertions, touches of fine embroidery; some with lace and ribbon straps, others with ribbon-run beadings.

New Black or White Lawn Waist Slips have V neck and long or three-quarter sleeves. \$1.35 and \$1.50.

New Black Lawn Corset Covers, with low round neck, edged in lace. \$1.25.

Muslin Underwear Section, Third Floor.

Football

Team-play.

Written especially for this newspaper by Mr. G. A. Parker.

(Note: Mr. Parker is himself an old-time football player; still enthusiastic about the game.)